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Adaption

by quartzbouquet

Summary

The snow haired tactician longed to befriend someone within the palace – learning of their world, their culture, their quirks and style. But much to his dislike, Robin had yet to make an effort.

Partial Fire Emblem Awakening and Kid Icarus Uprising spoilers.

Notes

slap on so me diapers ur in for the ride of ur life (im sorry mother)

alternatively: instead of making a drabble wip i planned out a full 5 chapter story for my fav ship no one cares about (luv that rare pair)

also ill be prone to making multiple edits since ill probably see errors or something i dont like u feel me

It had occurred to him in a silent matter after his arrival – the heavy feeling that had built in his chest lightly and steadily. Robin could not place the emotion until having participated in a rather entertaining sparring session approximately at noon. It had involved Marth and Link. Being invited by the noble Hero-King himself to such an event had the tactician on his feet and out of his room almost instantly. Although, certainly now was the time Robin began questioning his choice.

It had started off shaky, seeing as though he was within the presence of Marth, and getting used to all the tricks Link had up his sleeve with all the equipment he had. They both would be high threats if Robin were to find them on a real battlefield, but he had to remind himself everything within this world was completely safe, though some things could still hurt a bit.

Marth was graceful and quick. His slashes were almost deadly and the tactician constantly found himself a certain distance away from the prince. In contrast, Link kept his moves different, always surprising Robin. The hero could work in all ranges, to which the tactician retaliated with a few of his own mid-range and long-range attacks. The two kept Robin on his toes at all times, leaving no room for him to break sweat. The snow haired tactician had been fully enjoying this experience to learn about how some participants fought and how skilled they were. It meant more strategies to devise, and because of how many varied tactics he could create, sharing them with his allies in his world once he got back would surely help them a great deal.

...However, observing how friendly his opponents had been, even going as far as making humorous remarks while fighting, it had finally dawned on the tactician what feeling had been lingering around him the past few days.

Robin was lonely.

The silly chiding, the patient moves, and the idle taunts shared with the prince and hero had made his brow furrow just slightly during their spar. The snow haired tactician longed to befriend someone within the palace – learning of their world, their culture, their quirks and style. But much to his dislike, Robin had yet to make an effort.

Not that he was ungrateful people like Lucina and Chrom, somewhat, gained permission to enter this enigmatic world. He was relieved, grateful, and beyond happy. There was even a female-born version of himself who hailed from another timeline! He and Robinne got along like siblings, and for that he was beyond ecstatic to have someone else to assist him in brushing up his skills as a tactician. But truly... deep down, if it were just him, the tactician would certainly be the painted picture of a lost child – not that the particular image was far from the truth.

To be in a new strange world was one thing. Having none but three people you're more than comfortable with to compensate for the lack of friends you've grown used to was another. Robin knew it would somehow take its toll on him, and it finally has come. It's an awfully hollow feeling, he notes mentally.

It's Link's shout that pierces through his thoughts, making Robin nearly trip over his own coat. Once he regains his footing, he apologizes to the hero for his blunder.

“It's okay,” Link simply replies, short of words as ever, before deciding he is finished as well. The hero's lips quirk up into a small apologetic smile, which the tactician mirrors. Marth approaches both of them, Falchion lowered in one hand while dusting his pants with the other. Robin hears light clattering beside him, indicating Link had put his weapons away. He watches the two veteran participants smile at each other before Marth directs his gaze to him.

“You are a truly unique fighter Robin,” Marth had complimented, carefully resheathing his sword.

“It is quite the honor, Prince Marth,” the tactician smiled tiredly, still catching his breath from their fight. “I would loathe having to fight against you any time soon. It seems I need much practice before reaching your level.”

“Do not be so modest,” the Hero-King said, raising a hand. “Perhaps you need the practice, but I can see the potential within you. It is certainly a great amount."

Robin internally yelled in joy as his chest swelled. “I-I am too grateful...”

“You are all but too formal! I was happy to train with you. See Link's face? He is pleased too.” Link nods in confirmation with a larger smile on his face, making the white haired tactician blush from the flattery.

“Those words mean a great deal,” Robin said softly. “I do apologize for my dazed moment earlier, though.”

“Are you alright?” Link says, his dark brows furrowing and his lips turned into a small frown.

What could Robin even respond with? It would be rude to lie, yet it would also be awkward if he shared what went through his head. It was a deeply personal subject that could not readily admit to his newly acquainted peers. Perhaps it was frivolous of the tactician to believe as such, but the last thing he had wanted was to make it seem like he dislikes them. It was far from the truth – maybe he was being a tad selfish, but he really wished more people from his world were accepted. In short, Robin was nervous – shy, even.

Everyone who traveled to this obscure palace run by giant floating appendages were all important, strong, and heroes of their own world – or in some cases, villains. Surely some would agree that the tactician's timid actions were justified. But he digresses.

“I fear I have not had a good night's sleep,” the tactician lies. He lets a sound that mixed between a chuckle and a sigh pass through his thin lips. “Perhaps I'll see to taking a quick rest later.”

“Oh dear,” the Hero-King had said softly, bowing his head in the slightest. “I apologize if we made you strain yourself. Hopefully we'll be able to train again when you are feeling better.”

So with that, Robin leaves the training room, bidding the two farewell as he bowed hurriedly – a half used tome in hand and his sword in the other as his coat flutters lightly behind him.

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For the time being until supper time arrives, Robin decided to take a stroll around the palace, a single tome in hand, in order to ward off his feelings. His caramel irises observed the walls around him to help. The interior was designed similarly to a home fit for a royal and noble family. The architecture was beyond beautiful, with columns engraved with floral patterns in great detail. The floors were a polished marble, deep red carpets within the center of each one. Chandeliers dangled above him, and the ceilings were a great distance from the ground.

The tactician would not doubt he would get lost for days if it weren't for the few maps he had seen hanging in some halls he had passed. All in all, Robin felt a bit out of place walking through the halls. It reminded him of Chrom's palace in a way.

Surprisingly, he finds himself in front of one of the currently active battle arenas. He could hear the crowd cheering wildly beyond the grand door for whoever the fighters were. Robin pondered whether or not to enter, and thought against it, continuing his walk. He could observe another time, if and when he could have a companion free at this time to spectate with him.

When he came across another map, he decided to find the nearest fountain garden to get fresh air. Maybe the sounds of splashing water and birds singing would help better.

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Later in the evening Robin finds his female-born counterpart, as well as Lucina, for a rousing conversation of the recent book they've both read while having a hearty bowl of soup for the

night's dinner. Robinne animatedly shares with him all of her favorite sections of the text – one in particular that she had found beyond fascinating that her own amber eyes had sparkled in delight about.

Lucina adds of how she wishes for them to recommend a book to her soon, to which Robinne immediately accepts and promises that she will give the future princess a wonderful book by tomorrow. Robin finds himself laughing at their antics, feeling his thin frame shake with positive reaction. They fall into a pleasant silence after their humorous conversation, consuming their soup with gusto.

His gaze wanders around the dining room, observing the bright chandelier that hangs above at the center of the ceiling. He squints as the crystal ornament shimmers. His eyes travel to the windows closest to him, decorated with deep crimson drapes embroidered with gold trimming. He looks out of the glass, watching the last of the sun set beyond the horizon and the stars beginning to reveal. When he looks back at Robinne, she was setting her bowl down on their table before licking her lips in content.

Robin breaks the silence as he asks her a question, “Do you enjoy it here?”

“Huh?” she looks at her male-born self with a curious gaze. Her glossed lips frown while she ponders her response thoroughly. “Well yes, I suppose I do! Everything here is so new and different. There is so much to learn about these beings here, since they come from places so unlike ours. I could accept different timelines because of Lucina, but I would have never even batted an eyelash at the thought of worlds or universes!”

Robin hums a note of understanding. She always had seemed very open-minded and outward about her feelings. He wonders if there's a possibility he could be similar to her in that way.

Lucina nods in agreement with the twin-tailed tactician. “This was not an opportunity we could pass up. We will be able to find strengths we could have never found back home here. Moreover, the chance to train with the Hero-King and the Radiant Hero could serve just as well.” Her sapphire eyes had a faint gleam to it noting Robin that internally, Lucina was still just as excited as she was the first day she met Marth and Ike.

Then Robinne asks, “But what of yourself?”

The question catches him off guard. What could he tell them? It would make him sound like a child if he said he was used to the crowd of friends at home and was having difficulty creating a new group of friends here. The twin-tailed tactician seemed like she was getting along fairly well. Robin even remembers her playing with some of the kids and some creatures called Pokey.... Poking something...

“Stahl taught me that if someone's lips purse just as yours now, they are thinking very deeply of something,” Robinne giggles softly. “You do not have to give me a straight answer right this moment. I'm sure you still have some of your own escapades to delve into around here before saying yes or no.”

“I...” Robin's thin brows creased slightly. “...thank you. I hope I will be able to enjoy this place to its fullest soon, just as you do.”

“I hope the evening will ease your ailments,” the future princess said as she offered him a wary smile.

The twin-tailed tactician places a hand on Robin's shoulder before he gets up with his bowl before wishing them a good night's rest.

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In the late evening, Robin would situate himself within the library, reading ample amounts of books. Because of how extensive his choices were, the white haired tactician was beyond euphoric as he plucked dozens of tomes off the ebony shelves, caramel irises sparkling with excitement. He read different subjects throughout day, from history text to obscure romance novels.

He would always get deeply engrossed with each piece of text, creating a barricade between himself and his feelings. They were, in a way, his way to distract himself nowadays. Formulating intricate strategies off the stage always reminded him of home, thus he had resorted to reading.

The night's newest book was about basic bow and arrow techniques. Robin had always wanted to learn of archery, and a little part of him wanted to surprise the Sheperds with a new skill. As a tactician, he felt it was naturally necessary for him to be as versatile as possible. After learning well in the sword and tome fields, perhaps it was time to branch to something different.

When he turned the page to proceed to the next chapter, a small noise echoed in the dim-lit library. At first, he thought it may have been himself, and thought nothing of it. However, when he heard a soft thumping, he rose from his chair slowly to see where the sound's source was. He passed several shelves holding books of different thicknesses and colors before listening for the sounds again. When he heard more thumping and an exhale of annoyance, Robin knew he was close.

When he had rounded a corner and turned to his right, he had found the source – a black winged figure wearing dark robes was struggling to put back a book on a high shelf. Thinking nothing of it, Robin had approached in order to help. When he had gotten closer, the snow haired tactician noticed how short the person was in stature. Why, they were nearly two heads smaller than him! It was no wonder he had so much difficulty putting the book back. Smoothly, Robin elevated himself slightly by his toes, extended an arm and pushed the book back by its spine. The raven haired's hand flinched away making Robin back off slightly, only to be greeted by glaring irises of heated crimson. The gaze was incredibly penetrating, leaving the tactician feeling slightly intimidated. This person... Robin didn't offend the other, did he?

The white haired tactician observed the other's face, noting the uncanny resemblance to another tournament participant's face. He had seen the particular person always bubbly and excited, but the person in front of him now was clearly the polar opposite. Now that he thought about it, he had to place a name to the face... If his memory would help in any way, Robin noted the name he tried to think of began with a 'P.'

Gruffly, the shorter of the two had spoke, dropping his hand to his side, “I didn't need your help.”

Robin frowned. “Pardon. It is a habit of mine.”

“Gods I didn't think anyone else would be here at this time of night...” the dark winged being complained with a groan.

Robin felt guilty for invading someone's privacy. The shorter had every right to be upset with him – He wouldn't enjoy having his personal time intruded either. “It was not my intention to ruin your private time. I just saw you and thought you needed some help.”

He could see the glare of the other soften for the briefest of moments, before they diverted their gaze away and proceeded to walk off. The tactician couldn't tell if he was fully forgiven or not. When he looked back at the book his thin fingers were still lingering on, he had quickly recognized the spine and color – a worn out maroon cover decorated with golden embroidery...

“You were reading a magic tome?”

The raven haired's forehead creased in confusion for a moment before his sharp brows raised ever so slightly, as if he was connecting something together. “You...” he started softly, before trailing off and squinting his eyes.

“If it would help prove my sincere apologies, I could teach you all of my knowledge on these books.” Robin tried, in hopes of dispelling any bad impressions.

He could see the shorter think through his choice before responding, his full lips forming what vaguely looked like a scowl. “I'm fully capable of doing things by myself,” However, his shoulders fell, as if admitting to something he would rather not. “But if you're as good as you imply you are, I'll accept.”

“What are you getting at?” Robin wondered.

“I'm saying fight me tomorrow morning, genius,” the dark winged being scoffed. “I'm not going to blindly trust your word, you know. Don't take me for that fool of an angel.”

Oh, he's sharp – in more ways than one. “Very well,” Robin warily smirked. If he was honest, he felt just a little uncomfortable from the other's taunts, but something in his mind told him everything would work out. He extended a slim hand, “I accept your challenge.”

“...Dark Pit.” the shorter muttered before raising his own palm and softly sliding his hand into Robin's. His hands were cold.

The snow haired tactician gave their entwined hands a light shake once. “My name is Robin. A pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

Dark Pit's wings fluttered once as he gave Robin a mocking smile.

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